

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE MUTINEERS SURPRISED AND PINIISHED.

## AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER XXVII.—COUNTER-PLOTTING.

For several days after the fearful events I have narrated, the "Three Sisters" lay nearly becalmed under a sultry sun, and there was little for me to do in the way of navigation. Meanwhile, the mutineers seemed to enjoy themselves greatly. Their first proceedings were to break open the boxes

containing the money, and to share the rich booty among themselves; and the next, to feast themselves on the late captain's stores. From morning till night the negro cook was employed in preparing food for his imperious masters, who threatened him with the most horrible tortures when he failed to please their pampered appetites.

The work of the ship was left almost entirely to the few English sailors; and I believe that this was

our salvation. If, without us, the mutineers could have navigated the vessel, and they had not been too lazy to exert themselves, I have no doubt we should have shared the fate of the captain and mates. As it was, we knew very well that our safety was precarious enough; for the half-muttered threats of the Mexicans made us aware that, on making land, their intention was to take off their booty and themselves in the boats, after first scuttling the ship, and leaving us to go down with her.

To add to our distress, the wretches had cunning enough to keep us apart from each other, and to divide the watches among themselves, so as to have always an overpowering number on deck; and if two of the English sailors were seen talking together, a drawn cutlass or a cocked pistol was very soon introduced, to put an end to the hasty conference.

In all this time, Ned Finn's behaviour was incomprehensible. He had slipped into the position of mate in the most natural manner, as though it were his by right; and to some extent he was evidently taken into the confidence of the mutineers. It was reasonable enough, no doubt, for them to think he was ready to fall in with their villainous schemes, for he was not very mealy-mouthed, and he had been known to use strong expressions, during his confinement, against the tyrannical captain; but I, for one, did not believe that, however heavy his resentment or great his provocations, he would ever have rebelled against legitimate authority, much less have stained his hands and his soul with violence and bloodshed. Still, it was indisputable that he had, in a measure, leagued himself with the mutineers, after their deed was consummated; and I could only suppose that Ned was elaborating some scheme for "trapping the varmin," as he had hinted. If he were, however, he kept it to himself, and, except that he gave necessary orders, and kept the English sailors to their work—which he was quite competent to do—he avoided all communication with them.

Almost the first angry word I had ever received from Ned, was spoken at this miserable time. I had been taking an observation at noon, with the instruments found in the captain's cabin, and a chart was spread before me, on which I was endeavouring to mark the ship's position, when he came up to me and began to abuse me in no very choice language, for neglect of duty; asking me if I thought myself too dainty to take a turn at work, because I was intrusted with "that plaything," pointing to the sextant at my feet. Then he ordered me aloft to assist in splicing some of the chafed gear, and told me that, to get the idle spirit out of me, I should keep two watches that night.

I looked up into Ned's face with astonishment; but there was no expression there to show that he was not serious; and I was the more intensely mortified when I perceived that more than one of the Mexicans heard the rating I had received, and were grinning at my downcast looks. I did not reply to my old companion: I was too sorrowful for that; but I obeyed him. "Poor Ned has sold himself to the devil," thought I, "or he would never turn against me in this way."

There was no moon that night; and, wearied alike in mind and body, I was pacing the darkened deck, when I heard a low voice, which I instantly recognised: "Davy, Davy."

I turned, and Ned was by my side.

"Be whist, Davy!" he whispered, "and come more forward."

I obeyed; and presently we stood apart, under the shelter of the foremast. We were the only English sailors on deck. The rest of the watch consisted of Jansen the Norwegian, and six of the Mexicans.

"Davy, I have to ask your pardon, humbly, for jawing you as I did to-day," said Ned, in the same low, cautious tone.

"Oh, there's no occasion for that, Mr. Finn," said I, gloomily; "you have got the power, and you can say what you like. I hope it will do you good, that's all."

"Davy!" this was said in a tone of deep reproach; and the honest fellow took my hand. I did not draw it away, but I did not speak.

"It was the only plan I could think of, to get to speak to you: them (he called the mutineers by an ugly name) are as suspicious as 'coons, and sharp-eared as well. You didn't think I meant it, did you, Davy?"

"I did, though, said I."

"All right, then, Davy; if I took you in, I took them in too, I reckon; but I wasn't sure."

"Well, then, if you didn't mean it, let us shake hands and forget it:" and I gave his rough palm a squeeze, which he returned with interest.

"But that isn't all, Davy. This is a lamentable fix we have got into; and we have to get out of it."

"How, Ned?"

Finn did not immediately reply. Instead of this, he walked away, and paraded the deck, as I judged, several times, without taking any further notice of me. Presently, however, he was at my side again.

"They are all safe, Davy; tumbled off to sleep, every one of them—a pretty watch! But all the better. You asked 'How?' Davy."

"Yes, Ned."

"What should you think? would it be much harm to pitch half-a-dozen of 'em overboard?" he asked, slowly.

"I shouldn't like to do it," said I, starting.

"I don't know but what it might be managed," continued Ned, reflectively; "though I can't say that I have much heart for it either. I would rather trap 'em."

"It is easy enough to talk about trapping, Ned; but it won't be so easy to do it. They have got all the arms safe, and they are always on deck, looking out and watching us."

"They will get tired of that after a bit," said Ned. "If we could only get a good head wind now, or a squall, say."

"We have been whistling for a wind till we are tired," I replied. This was true enough; and I need scarcely stay to explain that, among the superstitions of sailors, is a firm and fixed opinion which nothing can shake, that whistling on board a ship is certain to bring a wind. So strong is this superstition that I have known an unfortunate

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sailor roundly abused by his shipmates for daring to whistle in a heavy gale.

Once more Ned left my side and walked the deck. It was a calm night, and though there was no moon, the stars shone out very brightly. The sea was so smooth that scarcely a ripple was discernible; the ship was motionless, and her top-sails, set to catch any faint and transitory breeze, hung becalmed against the masts. I had time to look around and mark all this, before Ned returned to his former station.

"It seems a'most as if the Lord had put them into our hands, Davy," he whispered, and he drew from under his jacket a long knife, such as had been in the hands of the Mexicans on that unhappy night.

"You don't mean, Ned——"

"No; I don't mean: I might have done it, Davy, but I didn't. I might slip it into every one of them before they could cry 'cavi;' but somehow I don't like it; and besides, it would be too risky; we should have to stand a regular shindy with the rest of them that are below; and our men would know nothing about it; them as would be willing, wouldn't be ready; and them as would be ready, wouldn't be willing, may be. So, since that isn't to be done, I'll put this here tickler back again." He disappeared for a minute, and then he was again beside me.

"Davy, couldn't you manage a false reckoning, no-how?"

"I shall do that, I fancy, without any contrivance," said I; for I felt anything but confident in my skill, and the slight knowledge of navigation I had attained on board the "Dover Castle."

"But, honour bright, Davy: whereabouts are we now, do you make out?"

I told him; and also that, with a tolerably fair wind, we might make land in two or three weeks, supposing we steered direct for Panama.

"But suppose you don't do that, Davy?"

"Why, then we shan't get there, Ned."

"And where should we get?"

"What do you mean, Ned?"

Ned told me what he meant. His first plan was a clever one: the only drawback to it was its utter impracticability; and being impracticable, I may as well pass it over. He did, though he abandoned it with a sigh of regret. His next plan was more feasible; but I shall have to speak of its execution in the next chapter, I shall, for the present, pass that over also, and say only that, after an hour's conference with Mr. Finn, I went down to my berth with a lighter heart than I had taken with me on to my watch that night.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—"TRAPPING THE VARMIN."

If a man whistles loud enough and long enough, no fear that a wind will follow; whether the wind will come because of his whistling, is another question. All I need say here is, that there was a good amount of whistling performed on board and aloft the "Three Sisters" for several days, and that a wind did come with a vengeance.

It was towards noon; the sun had risen clear, and no signs of a change of weather had shown

themselves, when suddenly a huge black cloud appeared in the horizon; and in the course of a quarter of an hour the whole sky was darkened, and we were in the midst of a raging storm. The sea, which just before had been still and quiet, soon got up, and was covered with a yeasty foam; the wind whistled and howled in the blocks and cordage, and rain, hail, and sleet, descended upon us in torrents and clouds. Happily we were under close-reefed topsails, with the rest of the canvass off her, or the consequences would probably have been fatal. As it was, the topsails were split into ribbons, and the main-top-mast snapped short off, and was carried over the side by the gale.

My readers will bear in mind that there were but half-a-dozen English sailors on board; and, manfully as they might strive to save the ship, that number was altogether disproportioned to the sudden emergency. The two Spanish mutineers exerted themselves, it is true; but the Mexicans were prostrated with terror; and—such of them as had not taken refuge below—throwing themselves upon deck, or clinging to the shrouds, called upon all the saints in their calendar, and vowed magnificent offerings to their shrines as an inducement to supernatural aid.

The storm increased in violence. Every moment the vessel, which was driving before the wind, alternately plunged madly into the trough of the sea, and then rose on the mountain waves; and continually her deck was swept by the seas which broke over her, clearing away all impediments, and making breach after breach in her bulwarks. There was nothing for it but to batten down the hatches and let the ship drive. The scene, before night, became so fearful, and the peril so imminent, that even Ned Finn quailed before it, and yielded himself to inaction.

"I reckon that God Almighty has taken the work out of our hands, Davy," said he, as we were both holding on to the rigging, close by each other, "and that he means to——" At that moment a loud piercing shriek rang in our ears, and we saw, carried by on the crest of a wave, with inconceivable swiftness, a human form. For one instant only was he visible, with his arms wildly extended above his head; then another shriek mingled with the howling of the blast; and then the miserable man was hidden for ever from human sight. It was some hours afterwards that we discovered the lost man to be Alonzo the Spaniard, and the only man among the mutineers who seemed to be susceptible of generosity or kindness.

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Three days passed away; and once more we had a breathing time. Need enough there was of it; for the storm, which had lasted, almost without intermission, the greater part of two days, had exhausted all our strength and courage, and left the "Three Sisters" almost a wreck. The masts, indeed, were standing, but everything besides was in horrible confusion. Strange to say, however, in spite of the straining the vessel had undergone, she was still water-tight; and, under ordinary circumstances, the work of repair would have proceeded cheerfully as soon as the storm had abated.

But there was no cheerfulness on board the "Three Sisters." The mutineers, cowardly as they had been in the storm, no longer dreading immediate danger and death, renewed their insolent and threatening demeanour, and, more openly than before, avowed their intention of despatching the English sailors when their services were no longer indispensable. But more than one secret comfort and ground of hope remained to us. The first was, that the storm had driven us several hundred miles out of the course fixed upon by the mutineers, and directly in that which was favourable for our plans; the next was, that we had contrived, in the course of the storm, to lay those plans without suspicion; another, that the necessary repairs required for the safety of the voyage, put into our hands some useful carpenter's tools, which had previously been placed out of our reach, and which might serve as weapons of offence or defence, in case of need; and the last, though not the least, was the fact of Ned Finn still retaining the confidence of the mutineers, and having virtually the command of the vessel, since Alonzo was gone, and Lopez, the mutineer captain, had so far imitated the vices of our former skipper as to be generally intoxicated.

A glorious starlight night succeeded this first day of comparative calm. The sea was indeed still agitated; but the violence of the waves had subsided into a long swell. A gentle breeze was filling the few sails which could be set in the entangled and shattered rigging; and we were slowly progressing before it. The watch had been changed about an hour, and the Mexican sailors, who principally composed it, were, as usual, leaving its entire duties to Ned Finn and the man at the helm. I may also explain that Lopez, who had taken possession of the captain's cabin, had retired for the night, and that the remainder of the mutineers were berthed in the steerage with the English sailors, whom they outnumbered.

In the midst of the quiet stillness of that night, one dark form after another might have been indistinctly traced, gliding on to the deck from the fore hatchway, and stationing themselves under the shelter of the partially repaired fore-castle bulwarks; then a few whispered words passed from mouth to mouth, and these forms dispersed and vanished. Another minute of painful suspense; and then loud cries rose from various parts of the deck, as from men suddenly aroused from slumber by a hideous dream. These cries were answered by subdued exclamations and threatenings; and these again were followed by sounds of wrestling and blows, and shouts of victory.

While this was transpiring a desperate struggle was taking place in the captain's cabin. A pistol shot was fired, and then another; and then the voices of Ned Finn and Lopez were heard above the confusion on deck, in earnest entreaty on the part of the Spaniard, and in tones of command on that of the Englishman. It was pretty certain then that Ned had performed his part of the drama to his own satisfaction; and all doubts were removed when, in another minute, he sprang upon deck with a loud halloo, which must have sounded ominously to the captive mutineers, who had by this time felt

the weight of English hands, nerved by desperation, and were rapidly undergoing the process of pinioning with good strong cords.

How long the struggle lasted I have now no recollection, nor had I ever a very distinct impression. Ned and the other sailors thought that five minutes would have covered the time, from beginning to end; while I fancied it must have occupied more than half an hour. This discrepancy may perhaps be partly accounted for by my having taken no active part in the proceedings, and by my ignorance as to their progress and results until I heard a hearty English cheer; and then I knew that, so far, all was safe. I would not have my readers suppose, however, that I was skulking through fear. In fact, my part of the plot was not performed without some share of its danger, as I was stationed at the fore-hatch, which, in the hurry of the moment, had been imperfectly closed and fastened down, with strict orders from Ned to salute any of the Mexican sailors who might attempt to reach the deck with a heavy maul, which he placed in my hand. Happily, my valour was not put to the test; for, though the mutineers below were roused by the noise on deck, and instantly missed the English sailors, they made no attempt to ascertain its cause, until the short conflict was over: and then their imprisonment was made more secure.

Daylight showed the English sailors to be masters of the barque, and revealed the captured mutineers, crouching on the deck, tied hand and foot, and imploring mercy from those whom, a few hours before, they had treated with insolence, and whose death they had undoubtedly planned. But our victory had not been quite bloodless: one unfortunate mutineer was badly wounded; and Ned Finn, in his single-handed attack on the Spaniard below, had narrowly escaped death from a pistol bullet, which grazed his temple and caused a considerable effusion of blood, which by no means improved his personal appearance. But, as he said, a miss was as good as a mile; and the wound soon healed.

Meanwhile, our situation was neither altogether pleasant or safe. The vessel was in our hands certainly; but we were encumbered with prisoners, and were too short-handed by far to repair the damages wrought by the late storm, and at the same time to work the ship efficiently. Besides this, the waste of provisions by the mutineers had been so great, that there was no prospect of their holding out, supposing we proceeded on the voyage to China, while, on the other hand, should we return to the American coast, we should probably run again into the danger from which we had been mercifully delivered.

But Ned Finn, who was unanimously elected captain, was prepared for these contingencies. Twenty-four hours of abstinence prepared the mutineers to consent with great humility to the terms proposed to them; and they were safely confined in small parties, in different parts of the barque, with very little chance of further mischief. And before this was accomplished our course was boldly turned southward, in which direction we had been driven by the storm. Happily both wind and weather continued favourable; and industry and good will



on the part of the exultant crew made up, to a great extent, for our paucity in number. Every day's log showed that we were nearing our destination; and, doubtful as I was of my skill in navigation, before a month had expired, we were securely anchored off Port Jackson, in New South Wales.

How Ned Finn gladly gave up the charge of the "Three Sisters" to the proper authorities there—how our prisoners were delivered up to sharp and stern and swift justice at Sydney—how praise and reward descended upon us in no parsimonious showers—how our barque was soon re-officered and re-manned, and despatched to its proper destination—and how, after a prosperous voyage, we arrived there—all this may be omitted from the story of my personal adventures. And I have only to add here that, unexpectedly meeting with my old commander, Captain Phipps, at Canton, I very joyfully agreed to a proposal from him, and—still in company with Ned Finn—soon afterwards returned to England under his protection and patronage.

#### MIGRATORY AND NATIVE BIRDS OF THE BERMUDAS.

It would perhaps interest few readers to enter into a very minute account of the migratory birds which visit the rocky shores of Bermuda,\* between the months of August and February; but, I may observe, they are both numerous and varied. Leaving the coast of America early in the autumn in large flocks, to seek the milder climate of the southern latitudes, they frequently encounter the gales for which this portion of the globe is so notorious. The poet might well call them "the still-vexed Bermoothes." Driven hither and thither by the tempests, many birds seek the rocky shores of the Somer's Isles until the fury of the gale is past, when they almost immediately resume their journey.

The most frequent visitors are golden plovers, sandpipers, snipes, and occasionally owls and even eagles have been driven here. Last summer a fine eagle was captured on St. Dinid's Island, and for "a consideration" became the property of one of the engineer officers on the station. The bird belonged to the ring-tailed species (*Falco fulvus*). His feathers, except at the base of the tail, where there was a white ring, were brown. His breast had a few white spots; the bill was dark yellow, the upper mandible being arched and overlapping the under. The toes were very large and powerful, and were covered with yellow scales. One of his wings had been broken in the capture, and for some months he lived in the mess garden, the terror of every dog and cat. He was fed upon fish and meat. His favourite dish was a live duck, with which his master sometimes indulged him. He instantly killed it by driving his talons well into the back, literally pressing it to death, and then pecked off every feather in the most scientific manner. A hungry cur once attempted to fraternize with our friend while at dinner, but he soon

"absquatulated," as the Yankees say, with his caudal appendage well between his legs. His owner was the only individual who ever ventured to touch him, and on one occasion the eagle made his beak and talons meet in his arm, which his master, by the way, bore with calm resignation. At length, some miscreant so severely injured the broken pinion of the poor bird, by throwing stones at him, that, in the opinion of the doctor of the R.A. and E., an operation was the only chance of saving his life. The bird was accordingly, with some difficulty, subjected to the soothing influence of chloroform, but from its potent effects he never recovered, dying a few minutes after it had been administered, universally regretted.

The golden plover (*Charadrius plumialis*), a specimen of which is now lying on my table as I am writing—having fallen before the unerring aim of our worthy doctor—is about ten inches long. Its back and the upper portion of its wings are covered with dark brown feathers, "pricked out" with bright yellow spots. The neck and upper portion of the breast is much the same, but the yellow is not so bright. The belly and under portion of the wings are almost entirely white. The tail feathers are white, tipped with brown, spotted with yellow. The legs are yellow. In this respect I believe it differs from the European plover, whose legs are black. Its bill is light brown, and half an inch long, tapering off almost to a point. The plover is gregarious, being generally in flocks from four to ten; during its stay here it lives chiefly upon worms and any aquatic insects it may fall in with on the shore.

The snipe above mentioned is not that species which is known to the English sportsman; it is, as far as I can ascertain, identical with the Jack snipe (*Scolopax gallinula*), which is very common in the savannahs of South America. In general habits, the bird is not unlike its transatlantic cousin. Its food is much the same, and it is met with in the various marshes here, as well as in the sandy bays which are scattered along the coast. When "flushed" it seldom flies far, and does not rise to any great height. It may frequently be fired at more than once during the day, and, should it be sought on succeeding days, it would (if it had not left the islands) be again found where it had first landed.

The sandpiper (*Totanus hypopholeucos*) I have found in those saline marshes which are immediately in the vicinity of the ocean, as also in the sandy bays: Long-bird Island is a favourite spot. Like plovers, they are usually in flocks, and live upon worms, small fish, and fry, for the capture of which latter their beak, which has the nasal furrow very long, is well adapted. This species, which is identical with that which visits England in the spring, is about seven inches and a half long. The upper part of its body is covered with brown feathers. The throat and breast are quite white, but the sides are streaked with brown; the middle tail feathers are marked with transverse dusky lines, and the outer ones are white with brown bars. Their legs are a greenish hue. Their clear piping note may be heard some distance.

\* For this paper we are indebted to an officer of the Royal Engineers on the station.

I have in my possession a very good specimen of the "tawny owl" (*Syrnium aluco*), which was knocked over with a stick by an intelligent sapper at the Ferry Point, St. George. The bird is about the size of the barn owl. The radiated feathers round the eyes are tawny, finely streaked with brown. The body and wings are tawny brown, and the legs are covered with delicate light brown feathers down to the toes. The claws are large and dark brown. So much for the regular migratory birds.

There is, however, a species which visits the islands every year, about March, to lay its eggs and bring up its young, and soon afterwards departs: I mean the boatswain bird. I have been informed that these islands and the Mauritius are the only two places in the world where these birds breed, but I cannot vouch for the truth of this. The boatswain bird is somewhat larger than the sea gull. Its body is almost entirely white, with wings tipped with a glossy black; its beak is yellow, and about an inch and a half long. The bird has webbed feet, and legs not more than one inch long; the vulgar belief is, that it has none; this is, however, erroneous. It has been also asserted that the bird is unable to rise from the ground and take wing. This is, as far as I have been able to observe, the case, having several times seen them shuffle to the edge of the rock upon which they were sitting, throw themselves off, and, while in the act of falling, spread their wings and fly away.

Early in the year, the boatswain bird has two fawn-coloured feathers, streaked with black, about eighteen inches long in the tail, but later in the year these appendages invariably drop out. It feeds entirely upon small fish. Its favourite haunts are the rocks along the north shore of St. George, Harrington Sound, and the islands which surround Castle Harbour. It never builds a nest, but chooses a hole in a rock from twenty to forty feet above the level of the sea, and lays one egg therein, which is generally hatched in three weeks. I have sometimes obtained these eggs; but they are very difficult to preserve, as the young bird begins to form almost immediately after the egg has been laid, which is not unlike that of a guinea fowl, both in size and appearance, though the shell is not so hard. The bird is very difficult to shoot with an ordinary fowling-piece, at any distance, as the thick feathers which cover its body effectually stop the leaden pellets. I have captured them when sitting in a hole, by throwing in a handkerchief, which is immediately laid hold of, and then jerking the bird out and tying the handkerchief over his head. A little terrier, named "Günner," (lately dead,) the property of one of the artillery officers, was famous for dragging them from their holes; but the eggs, which were the chief object of the hunt, were not unfrequently broken by this somewhat peculiar process.\*

The native birds, if I may so speak, of Bermuda are the red bird, blue bird, cat, or mocking bird, ground dove, kingfisher, and chick of the village.

\* Other birds occasionally visit the islands; but I have only spoken of those which came under my own observation.

A few herons live about the islands inclosing Castle Harbour, and for some years past there has been a rookery in Paget's Parish, near the town of Hamilton.

The red bird (*Cardinalis rubra*) is the most magnificent and striking of the feathered race in these little islands. The cock bird is about the size of a bullfinch, and has on its head a beautiful crest, which it can raise or depress at pleasure, not unlike that of the barn-yard cock. The greater portion of its body, and especially its breast, is covered with scarlet plumage. The back and tail are dark red; its bill is a light reddish hue, about one-fifth of an inch long, the upper mandible being very slightly hooked at the extremity. The female bird differs from the male, in having no crest, and being a light brown colour, with a reddish tinge on the wings. The red bird feeds chiefly upon corn and worms, and whenever ground is dug the bird invariably appears, and revels in the luxuries it affords. Being much sought after by idle boys, they are somewhat uncommon near the towns, (as they may be so called,) though seen in great numbers in the interior of the islands, especially in gardens. The nest is built in the small cedar trees for which this place has long been famed, about eight or ten feet from the ground, it is formed entirely of dried grass, and in it the female deposits two eggs, about the size of those of a thrush; they are of a dirty white colour thickly covered with brown spots.

It is difficult to convey a clear idea of the cock bird's song—I have never observed the female—being unlike that of any English bird, and rising higher than the majority can. I can merely say that it is something between a warble and a shrill whistle. It is usually captured in what are termed T traps. Great caution is necessary in removing the captive, for if he can contrive to fasten on his captor's hand, he will not let go until he has bitten the piece out. Before lifting the trap, the bird should be presented with a small piece of soft wood, which he immediately seizes, and bites viciously; he may then be handled with comparative safety. If taken young, he may be kept a long time in a cage; but if two be placed therein, they invariably fight, and die in a short time.

The blue bird (*Sialia*) is somewhat smaller than the one above described. It is much tamer and more sociable than its brilliant rival; but I may add, that its eggs and young are not sought after as eagerly. A little larger than the English sparrow, the upper part of its body and wings are a rich dark blue, the under portion being a delicate fawn colour. The wings at their extremities are tipped with black, of which colour are also its bill and legs. Its note is very like a gentle whistle. It builds in holes in the trunks of trees, about five feet, or occasionally more, from the ground, lining the whole with dried grass. I found one this summer on Long-Bird Island, that was partly built of shavings. The eggs are a pale blue colour, without any spots, about the size of a canary's, and are usually from three to four in number. Almost all the year these birds are observed in pairs, and are most loving in their mutual at-

tentions. The blue bird lives upon worms and insects, but it by no means despises berries, seeds, and fruits.

The cat, or mocking bird (*Turdus felinus*), is of a dark slate colour, except a few of the under tail feathers, which are a dark red, the bill and legs being black. This bird is about the size of the red bird, above described. It builds its nest of dry leaves and fine grass about the beginning of May, usually in one of the tallest cedars. The female deposits therein from four to five eggs, of a very dark greenish-blue colour. The bird can hardly be said to sing; its natural note has been aptly compared to that of a kitten which has "come to grief." I say *natural note*, as its powers of imitating those of other birds are too well known to need comment. It can, however, only make short imitations, its pipe being somewhat deficient in strength and clearness. It is one of the earliest songsters in the islands, commencing generally before daybreak, and so unsuspicious of danger, that it will allow people to approach very closely. With all his good qualities, there is, however, a great prejudice against him, possibly from the resemblance of its note to the "delightful melody" of the animal whose name he bears. The bird is very fond of ripe fruit, and as its interests in this matter clash with those of the farmer, his dislike is not difficult to understand. In addition to the above, it lives upon worms and snails.

The ground dove (*Columba Carolinensis*) is by far the tamest of the Bermudian birds. They are always in pairs, and when disturbed never fly far, or to any height. The flight is peculiar, and is not unlike that of a partridge. It is of the pigeon tribe, about ten inches long; its back and wings are ash-grey, the middle feathers of the tail brown, and the others dusky. Its belly is a dirty white, its eyes a glossy black, and its legs are red. I have occasionally eaten these birds, which some people consider superior to the pigeon; but it is so tame and confiding, that it is seldom molested. Its gentle "cooing" needs no description. Its nest, formed of twigs and fine grass, is usually built in one of the low sage bushes which abound here. The female lays two snowy white eggs, and her partner vies with her in attention to the "rising generation."

The kingfisher, which I have occasionally met with, is very like the belted kingfisher (*Alcedo halcyon*). It is a blue slate colour, with a dark band round its breast, and a good deal of white round the neck. His tastes and habits seem closely allied to his European brethren. The birds here have one or two favourite haunts, and seem very tenacious of them, viz., Mullet Bay, a pond on Paget's Island, near the town of St. George, and the Devil's Hole, in Harrington Sound. The bird usually selects a steep dry bank for his residence, excavating a hole with his bill and feet, from four to five feet in a horizontal direction. The eggs are pure white, and are generally five in number. The female only sits upon them; she is fed, however, with great assiduity by her partner. Its note has been compared to a loud rattling churr.

I must conclude this account by briefly passing in review the chick of the village, and the crows I have alluded to. The former is said to be found only in Bermuda; but from close observation, I feel no doubt it is almost identical with the English wren (*Troglodytes vulgaris*). It is about three inches long, of a brown colour, with dark hazel eyes. Its eggs are the same as those of its English relative. I have on my table one of the nests, which was constructed with much art, of cedar twigs lined with very fine dry grass, at the very extremity of, and pendant from a thin cedar branch. The nest, when I obtained it, had five eggs; but I unfortunately broke them in attempting to "blow them." Its sprightly note may be heard at intervals throughout the year.

The crow (*Corvus*), a colony of which, for some time past, have taken up their abode at Paget's Parish, near Hamilton, is the common or carrion crow, about fifteen inches long. It is too well known to need description.

I may observe, in conclusion, that for some years past about seven or eight herons have lived on the islands surrounding Castle Harbour; but I am not aware of any having fallen by the sportsmen's guns, and no one has been able to discover any nests.

Should this paper meet the eye of any professed ornithologist, let him not criticise severely the notes of a non-scientific naturalist. With all its faults, it is an accurate account, its author having spent some pleasant hours in watching the habits and customs of the Bermuda feathered race.

#### EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

At the little village of Rockbourne, close to the western limit of Hampshire, there is a manor-house, now a farm-house, partly ruined, yet still showing the remains of a large mansion of the Tudor period, with hall and chapel. Here, at that epoch, resided John Cooper, Esq., a gentleman of good estate, as his rent-roll of eight thousand pounds a-year testified—a considerable sum for the period—who was created a baronet by James I. More to the west, yet not far, at St. Giles's Park, in the county of Dorset, dwelt Sir Anthony Ashley, Knight, for some time Secretary-at-War in the reign of Elizabeth, to whom England is indebted for cabbages, which he introduced from Holland. The baronet married the daughter and sole heiress of the knight, and their son, receiving the patronymic of his grandfather, became Sir Anthony Ashley-Cooper. He inherited the joint properties, and was raised to the peerage under Charles II, for his services in furthering the restoration of the monarchy, first as Lord Ashley, and then as Earl of Shaftesbury. St. Giles's Park was the chief country-seat of this nobleman, as it has been that of his descendants. The house occupies a low situation, on the verge of Cranbourne Chace, formerly part of the New Forest, and still a finely wooded region. Many a leafy labyrinth remains, opening at intervals, and showing in the distance some hamlet in the sunshine, while small round clumps of trees appear on the border-

ing downs, called by the people of the district "a hat of trees."

A notice of the character and career of the first Earl of Shaftesbury has already appeared in these pages.\* Though grievous errors appertained to him as a man, with notorious turbulence and vacillation as a politician, yet he was at last the unflinching champion of constitutional liberty and Protestant principles, and will ever have a place among our great historic names, as the author of England's second Magna Charta of freedom, the Habeas Corpus Act, and as the first to introduce a bill rendering the judges independent of the Crown.

His grandson, the third earl, was an accomplished man of letters, the friend of Pope, and of some foreign celebrities, as Bayle and Le Clerc. The bard of the "Seasons," in the noble apostrophe to Britannia, in his "Summer," where he mentions some of her greatest sons, speaks of him, but in terms far more applicable, and in a higher sense, to the present head of his house.

"The generous Ashley thine, the friend of man,  
Who scanned his nature with a brother's eye,  
His weakness prompt to shade, to raise his aim,  
To touch the finer movements of the mind,  
And with the moral beauty charm the heart."

His writings, popular in their day, but latitudinarian in their philosophy, collected and revised by himself, appeared soon after his death, in three volumes, under the title of "Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times." An interesting anecdote is related of him. While in the House of Commons, as member for Poole, he advocated the Treason Bill, a measure which secured provisions favourable to those accused of the offence on their trials; but in the delivery of a premeditated speech, he lost self-possession, and unmistakably broke down, just as he was pleading for the particular clause which allowed the prisoner the benefit of counsel. Having recovered himself, the incident was most happily improved, and converted into an argument for the clause. "If I," said he, "who rise only to give my opinion on a bill now pending, in the fate of which I have no personal concern, am so confounded that I am unable to express the least of what I proposed to say, what must the condition of that man be who, without any assistance, is called to plead for his life, for his honour, and for his posterity?"

The grandson of the preceding, sixth earl, father of the present peer, was for many years chairman of committees in the House of Lords, in which capacity he earned the reputation of an excellent man of business. We now come to the subject of this sketch, chief among the princes of a noble band, who have devoted themselves in the present century with untiring energy to ameliorate the condition of their countrymen, the poor, the destitute, the ragged, and the homeless, of whom the poet has written truly,

"We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives  
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

Anthony Ashley-Cooper, seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, Baron Ashley, of Wimborne, St. Giles, in the

county of Dorset, Baron Cooper, of Paulett, in the county of Somerset, was born in Grosvenor Square, London, on the 28th of April, 1801, the year before the first legislative measure was adopted for the benefit of factory children. His mother was Anne, daughter of George, Duke of Marlborough. He was educated first at Harrow, and then at Christ Church, Oxford, where he obtained a first-class degree in classics, in 1822. Five years afterwards, he entered Parliament as Lord Ashley, his courtesy title, representing Woodstock, the family borough of the Marlboroughs, and was appointed by the Duke of Wellington one of the Commissioners of the Board of Control. He voted for Catholic Emancipation, and with the Tory party against the Reform Bill of Earl Grey. In 1831, at the general election, he was chosen one of the members for Dorsetshire, and continued to represent that county, in which most of the family estates are situated, during the long period of fifteen years. Soon after becoming a county member, Lord Ashley entered upon his career as a philanthropist, and began those self-denying labours to alleviate the hardships of the toiling masses, which have endeared his name to hundreds of thousands connected with the din of mills, the depth of mines, and the abodes of squalor, and which so signally illustrate his personal devotion to the fine motto of his house, "LOVE—SERVE."

That was an exciting time, nearly thirty years ago, when the first reformed parliament commenced its sessions. Men's minds were in a ferment; great changes were anticipated, and party spirit ran high. Celebrities were present who have long since gone to their account. There sat the good-humoured Lord Althorp, leader of the House, the burly O'Connell, the farmer-like Cobbett, the excellent vegetarian Brotherton, Burdett in top-boots, Gully of pugilistic and Hunt of blacking-van notoriety, and a band of mill-owners from the newly enfranchised towns in the manufacturing districts. A great deed was accomplished, by which seven hundred thousand negroes were emancipated from slavery and oppression. Another great object was attempted, which, though over-ruled for a time, was ultimately gained in its entirety—the rescue of children and young persons employed in factories at home from a period of daily labour barbarously long, quite at variance with health of body, length of life, and the possibility of receiving the slightest educational training. On the 5th of March, 1833, Lord Ashley rose to move the Ten Hours Bill. This was his public start in the race for the honourable distinction of having served his generation faithfully, now cheerfully awarded to him by all classes of society, though for a number of years it made him a most unpopular man with employers in the manufacturing districts, and their organs of the press. The occasion invites a retrospect.

Upon Arkwright's machinery coming into full play, it gradually put a stop to manufactures in the cottages and dwellings of artisans, and transferred them to large factories built on the sides of streams, for the sake of water-power, in the beautiful and romantic valleys of Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, and adjoining parts of Cheshire. In these districts, remote from towns, there was

\* "South Carolina and one of its Founders." In No. 495.





LORD ASHLEY MOVING THE TEN HOURS FACTORY BILL.

only a very spare population, while thousands of hands were wanted. To supply the demand for labour, children of tender years, quite competent to tend the spindles, and even more nimble at the work than adults, were obtained from the parish workhouses of the metropolis and other places, as apprentices. They were fed and clothed by the master, lodged in an "apprentice house," over-worked by the overseers, whose interest it was to wring as much labour from the hapless creatures as possible, and dreadful cruelties were resorted to, in order to effect this purpose. There were honourable exceptions—employers who cared for the welfare of the little ones—but their numbers were few.

Night-work was soon added to day-work, one set of hands toiling throughout the day, and another throughout the night; the day set got into the beds which the night set had just left, and similarly the night set got into the beds which the day set had just quitted. It was long a tradition in Lancashire, that the beds in the apprentice houses never got cold. An agreement is on record, made between a London parish and a Lancashire manufacturer, that with every twenty *sound children one idiot should be taken*.

The voice of remonstrance at the atrocious system was heard before the last century closed; and in 1802, the first Sir Robert Peel, himself a mill-owner, proposed and obtained from the legislature a measure for the abatement of the monstrous evil of over work. But it was limited to the class of apprentices; and steam engines began now to supersede water-power in factories. This change enabled them to be erected in towns, where hands were abundant; and children were then hired from the families around, instead of being imported from distant workhouses. Their daily term of actual labour occupied the attention of Parliament in the years 1818 and 1819, when it was proved before committees of both Houses, that in cotton mills, with the exception of Saturday, from thirteen to fifteen hours of toil were exacted from children of nine, eight, seven, and even six years of age. This led to the law of the last named year, which limited the number of hours of actual labour to twelve, for all persons between the ages of nine and sixteen. It was not passed without strenuous opposition from the masters, who adduced medical evidence in favour of their system of all work and no play, of the most astounding description. Thus Whatton, a surgeon, "could not, as a man of science, form any idea of the number of hours a child of eight years ought to be employed in a factory." Wilson, another of the fraternity, when asked whether a little recreation during the day was not desirable for young persons, as contributory to their health, replied, "*I do not see it necessary*." Turner, a third Æsculapian, figures as follows in a colloquy: "Do you think it would benefit a child's health of eight years old to be kept twelve hours upon his legs?" "Really, I am not prepared to answer that question." "What do you think of it?" "I really cannot tell you."

Many a time was the scene pictured in the striking stanzas realized:—

"There the pale orphan, whose unequal strength  
Loathes the incessant toil it must pursue,

Pines for the cool sweet evening's twilight length,  
The sunny play-hour, and the morning's dew:  
Worn with its cheerless life's monotonous hue,  
Bowed down, and faint, and stupefied it stands;  
Each half-seen object reeling in its view—  
While its hot, trembling, languid, little hands,  
Mechanically heed the taskmaster's commands.

"But the day hath its end. Forth then he hies  
With jaded, faltering step, and brow of pain;  
Creeps to that shed—his Home—where happy lies  
The sleeping babe that cannot toil for gain;  
Where his remorseful mother tempts in vain  
With the best portion of their frugal fare:  
Too sick to eat—too weary to complain—  
He turns him idly from the untasted share,  
Slumbering sinks down unfed, and mocks her useless care."

Matters remained in this state till the year 1825, when Sir John Hobhouse procured an abridgment of labour on Saturdays from twelve hours to nine; but this referred to the cotton factories only. Night-work was soon afterwards prohibited for all under twenty-one, and the ages of those entitled to the protection of the law in their term of toil was advanced from sixteen to eighteen years.

Michael Thomas Sadler, who resided at Leeds in the midst of the operative classes, and was well acquainted with their condition, now took up their cause; and by evidence before parliamentary committees and special commissions, it was unanswerably shown, that, excellent men as mill-owners might be in private life, yet young persons of both sexes, in their factories, were often most brutally treated by the overlookers. From children and parents, from operatives and witnesses of various professions, such statements, among others, as the following were obtained:—"When she was a child too little to put on her ain claithees, the overlooker used to beat her till she screamed again"—"Gets many a good beating and swearing"—"Three weeks ago the overlooker struck him in the eye with his fist, so as to force him to be absent two days"—"Has seen the girls strapped; has seen the boys black and blue, crying for mercy." Medical men, also, of the highest standing in their profession, testified that twelve hours of daily labour for children and young persons, even when connected with all the alleviations which humanity could suggest, was a sin against nature, an imposition on the human frame not to be endured with impunity. Mr. Sadler therefore introduced a Ten Hours Bill into Parliament, December the 15th, 1831, in a remarkable speech closing with a noble peroration. "I wish," said he, "I could bring a group of these little ones to the bar. I am sure their silent appearance would plead more forcibly in their behalf than the loudest eloquence. Sir, I still hope that their righteous cause will prevail; but I have seen enough to mingle apprehension with my hopes. I have long seen the mighty efforts that are made to keep them in bondage, and have been deeply affected at their continued success, so that I can hardly refrain from exclaiming, with one of old, 'I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun, and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed; and on the side of the oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter.'" Adverting to the expected outbreak of the cholera, he observed, "A national fast has been appointed on this solemn occasion, and it is well; but let it be one which

the Deity himself has prescribed; let us undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free." The measure, thus introduced, was at once shelved by being sent to a committee-room, and as Mr. Sadler obtained no seat in the next parliament, the championship of the factory children was accepted by Lord Ashley, who submitted an identical proposal to the legislature, for all ages from nine to eighteen, applying to all cotton, woollen, worsted, silk, and flax mills.

In the course of debates upon the subject, during the session of 1833, Mr. Brotherton, member for Salford, made the honourable declaration that "he had worked in a factory himself till he had reached his sixteenth year. He had worked twelve or fourteen hours a day, and had undergone all the privations which factory children endure. For these young persons he felt the deepest sympathy; and though he had been raised to the highest honour which men could confer upon him—that of sitting in the British House of Commons—he could never forget his station. He did feel much for their sufferings, and must stand by his order; and if he could by his labours ameliorate their condition, he should feel that he had not lived in vain." This speech was received with great cheering, and made a deep impression on the House. But the Government of the day, alarmed by the capitalists, who declared that to limit the hours of labour would mischievously and fatally discourage capital, yet, conscious that reason and humanity required some restriction, proposed and carried a half measure. Almost all the leading statesmen of the time, however hostile in politics, agreed in refusing the limitation demanded by the advocates of the short-time movement. Yet, strong in the righteousness of his cause, Lord Ashley, session after session, through upwards of ten years, fought the battle of the Ten Hours Bill, and by God's blessing gained the victory. The enviable distinction is his of having obtained for himself the gratitude of hundreds of thousands of operatives, with the satisfaction now of knowing, after lengthened experience, that not one of the evils anticipated by his opponents from the measure has occurred, while it has eminently tended to remove discontent from the manufacturing districts, promote domestic comfort, and consolidate society in a region where strongly contrasted social conditions are in close proximity.

Not content with redressing the grievances of the factory operatives, the practical benevolence of Lord Ashley sought to alleviate the condition of those employed in mines and collieries, where women and children had been accustomed to do the drudgery of beasts of burden. Under his auspices a measure was carried which prohibited female labour there altogether, regulated that of boys, and enacted provisions for the better security of life in those scenes of danger. Troops of urchins also, in the metropolis, have made thankful mention of his name, conscious of having been the objects of his care, forlorn outcasts, known to be "clever and 'cute," though "ragged and rough," ready to become, under homely instructional discipline, "patient learners" and "quick discerners," able to earn for themselves an honest livelihood. Though

not the founder of ragged schools, the valuable institution owes much of its success to his energetic support and personal attention. On taking leave of him to go to the colonies, one of the lads remarked that, if ever he became a farmer, the first sheep he bought should be called "Lord Ashley," and the second "Councillor Payne," in allusion to the eminent Q.C. of that name, another influential patron. Under his kind and judicious sanction the Shoeblack Brigade has eminently prospered; and zealously has the reformatory movement for juvenile offenders been promoted. Not seldom, it is said, amid the immense heap of letters daily received, is there one, curiously folded up, and as strangely inscribed, showing utter ignorance of the mode of addressing a Right Honourable, enjoined by etiquette. It may come, perchance, from some shepherd, herdsman, or farm-servant, in far distant wilds, once a shoeblack or a ragged schoolboy, who has written an account of his adventures in the "wide, wide world," to relieve his heart of the fullness of its gratitude. Though orthography is outraged, and grammar defied in every line of the epistle, most welcome is it to the noble philanthropist—far more so than the faultless, perfumed, tinted satin-paper note from the desk of rank and fashion.

The parliamentary connexion of Lord Ashley with Dorsetshire ceased in the year 1846, by the voluntary resignation of his seat. This was owing to his opinions coinciding with those of Sir Robert Peel respecting the repeal of the corn laws, to which his constituents were averse. In the following year he was returned for Bath, and represented that city till his father's death, in 1851, transferred him to the Upper House as Earl of Shaftesbury. High office in the state has been often within reach, for which few are better qualified; but an independent political position has been preferred, with the evident view of prosecuting, without trammels, social, moral, and religious reforms. He is, however, and has been for some years, at the head of the Lunacy Commission, and acted for a time as one of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. In 1830, he married the Lady Emily Cowper, step-daughter of Viscount Palmerston, by whom he has four surviving sons and three daughters; and the career of his eldest son, Lord Ashley, is bright with promise that it will answer to that of his illustrious father. His influence with the premier in ecclesiastical appointments, especially in "bishop making," (though arising from respect for his character, not for his relationship,) has not escaped criticism. But it has always been exerted in favour of the working clergy, and the friends of evangelical truth, who exemplify its power in their daily walk and conduct. No formalist is he in religion, as in anything else, but an earnest man, acting upon the motto, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

With drinking fountains, model lodging-houses, banks for the poor, various sanitary improvements, and all the objects contemplated by the recently-founded Social Science Association, of which he is a leading member, the name of Lord Shaftesbury is closely identified, as well as with city missions, mother's meetings, Sunday evening services in the



cathedrals, and preaching in the minor theatres. This last step, carped at by one of the sticklers for things as they were, he vindicated in an unanswerable speech in his place in Parliament. A few days afterwards, a religious journal states that he took "his family to one of the theatre services on the Sunday evening, and himself read the Scriptures preparatory to the preaching of the Rev. H. D. Northorp, the American evangelist. On leaving the theatre after the service, hundreds of the neglected poor of London pressed round his lordship to shake hands with him, and to thank him." He presides over the Church Pastoral-Aid Society; the Society for the Conversion of the Jews; the British and Foreign Bible Society; takes a more or less active part in every effort made by Christians, irrespective of communion, to oppose the torrent of infidelity and irreligion; and is moreover a Quarterly Reviewer. A whole week he spent in company with a city missionary in visiting the most wretched dens and wigwags which abound in the metropolis, where vice is unvarnished and misery is patent. The scenes he witnessed were strikingly described in an article forwarded to the "Quarterly Review," which duly appeared, and was acknowledged by a cheque for £20 from the publisher, which the noble writer handed to his comrade in the visitation.

We now describe the *physique* of this ever to be honoured man, as he is at present, in the sixty-first year of his age, adopting the words of a contemporary. "In person he is tall. His action is dignified, his voice impressive, and suited to the solemnity of the topics with which he mostly deals. He has great natural fluency, but the perorations of his more important parliamentary and platform speeches betray marks of careful and thoughtful preparation. The richness and variety of the mere politician would seem out of place in his speeches. He is an orator who never unbends. He never seeks to raise a laugh, or to indulge in a jest. The solemn verities which occupy his thoughts and colour his whole being, give elevation to his sentiments, and a peculiar character to his parliamentary efforts. His head is large, his face being of unusual length. His features are strongly marked, and are of a grave though pleasing character. His place in the House of Lords is on the same bench above the gangway which is occupied by Lord Brougham and Lord Ellenborough." In the annals of the peerage his career is without a parallel; and if our people in the next generation are an advance upon the present race, better and happier men and women; if there is a larger proportionate number of them fearing God and working righteousness, the result will in no slight degree be owing to the life and labours of the Earl of Shaftesbury. *O, si sic omnes!*

#### MUSTERING CATTLE:

AN AUSTRALIAN SCENE.

"THERE they are," shouted Halket, bending low over his saddle; "and there they go," added he, as we heard a distant crashing in the scrub, caused by the rapid movement of the herd passing over the dead timber. We had at last discovered the haunts

of the "Murray Mob"—a number of cattle originally brought from that part of the country, watered by the noble river which falls into Lake Alexandrina, and which had preserved their notoriously wild and intractable habits, keeping together and eluding all our efforts to bring them to the Home station, to brand them. I may here premise that it is by no means unusual for certain numbers of cattle—in remote and unfrequented parts of the bush—to congregate together in mobs, as they are termed, into which they will admit no stranger; and sometimes these mobs are completely untamed, losing all habits of domestication, and are exceedingly difficult to handle.

"Now, boys," cried our leader, "stick your knees into your saddles, and when you are up to them, don't spare the whip."

Away we go at a headlong pace after the fugitives, through scrub and brushwood, over logs, gullies, and dried-up water-courses; now up a stony range, and again deep into the gravelly bed of a creek; grazing trees and overhanging branches, and avoiding certain destruction at every moment, only by the astonishing facility in which, with the least pressure of the rein, the Australian stock-horse can be guided through the most devious and intricate passages. Our deep-chested, black-muzzled kangaroo dogs lay their bellies to the ground, and grim and silent lead the way. Away we go, fast, furious, and sometimes over-reckless, for, while it lasts, the excitement of the chase subdues all other emotions.

"Well done, Coolamin; you couldn't have taken that log so easily in the paddock, when I caught you this morning. Ah! you may scuttle into your airy habitation, you leaf-eating opossum, and stare with speechless astonishment, you great heavy native bear; such an apparition is new to ye, I dare say. What! have we a recruit to swell our company? or is it an old man kangaroo, who has fallen into our track? Yes, and a boomer too, who bounds along in gigantic strides some twenty yards ahead. Well, we have no time to follow you;" but not so think the dogs, who have now reached him, and down he, poor fellow, goes, as Pluto, a cunning "old hand" at this sort of work, seizes him a little above the shoulder. "They are too many for you, Joe, and some disconsolate family of Marsupials must mourn their sire's fate."

Our race is ended; we are upon them; and now is heard the sharp quick crack of the whip, as those who arrive on the scene of action ride round and inclose the herd. Panting, sullen, reeking with foam, they gather into a confused mass, the bulls bellowing furiously, or madly charging the dogs, and the cows clamorously seeking their calves in the universal confusion. Now is the time for skilful horsemanship; for, when thus assembled, the mob frequently scatter, and most of them manage to get away. However, they are turned; and, when once in motion, it is not difficult to keep them together, though at times two or three will cut out and double back, only to be "headed" and brought in again. Away we go again at the same furious pace; for it is necessary to keep the herd moving, to prevent a break. As we near the head station,



the beasts seem to have a prescience of the punishment to be inflicted on them, and use every effort to escape. But the sharp cut of the long-thonged whip is irresistible, and they cannot elude the activity of the trained stock-horse, who will enter as fully into the business as his master. I have known an old stock-horse, having got away from his rider, join in the running-in of a herd, and prove as useful an auxiliary as if he had been mounted, going after every animal that got away, and bringing him in single-handed.

On we go, sweeping up to the stock-yard like a whirlwind, bearing with us an immense cloud of dust; the shouts of the men, the deep mouthing of the dogs, the loud detonations of the whip, and the bellowing of the herd, making an indescribable combination of sound, anything but melodious, but not unpleasing, to the ear of the bushman. "Easy now, lads, and keep them well together;" the rails are down, and there is no alternative: they must go in, and in they go, foiled and furious, vainly attempting to leap the high inclosure.

The real danger of the business has now to be encountered. Whatever difficulty there might have been to get the cattle to the yard, it is mere child's play to the operations which follow. But the sun is high in the heavens, and it is time to go to dinner. It will give the beasts time to cool down, and recruit the failing spirits of the men. The meal is soon over; in the bush, time is precious, and the food, though in plenty and substantial, is not such as will induce one to linger over it. A steak fried in dripping, or a piece of corned meat, and the everlasting damper, washed down with a pannikin or two of tea, is soon despatched, and we hasten to the stock-yard. This is a high inclosure, generally divided into three or four compartments, into one of which a few head of cattle can be run off at a time for the greater convenience of noosing them, and throwing them preparatory to branding. A little distance without, a fire has been kindled, and the brands are being heated. A man, whose especial province it is to watch this operation, sits by the fire smoking his post-prandial pipe. The party, stripped to shirt and trowsers, now enter the yard; one of them holds in his hand a long tapering sapling, at the end of which a noose and lasso is attached; the rest are armed with stout heavy poles to coerce the unruly cattle. All is now ready, and at a given signal the slip rails of the inner compartment are opened, and two or three animals are permitted to enter. One is a fine young bull, who evidently means mischief. He stands proudly erect, and views with contempt the movements of his persecutors, sometimes laying his nose in the earth, or pawing up the dirt with his forefoot. The lasso-bearer approaches cautiously, and endeavours to throw the noose over his head.

"Back, back, he is on you!" is ejaculated by all; and every one provides for his personal safety in a general *saute qui peut*. A thrill of horror is felt as the bull charges cruelly on him, and both go down in a cloud of dust.

"No, no, he's all right," and Halket swings himself lightly over the rails. He may be thankful for a very narrow escape.

"A near touch that," he says; "but he'll not have another chance."

Again he arranges his noose, and faces his antagonist: with a skilful sleight the rope is thrown over the animal's head. "Now lay on all hands;" the end of the rope is passed round one of the posts, and after gyrating wildly round and round the yard several times, the animal falls heavily to the ground, being thrown by the rope in making a short turn. Before he can rise, a dozen men are round him, another noose is slipped round his legs, and in an incredibly short space of time he is firmly bound together, and lies helplessly moaning on the earth. The brand is now brought and applied to his side, a thin column of smoke arises, with a strong odour of burnt leather, and he is cast loose, in most cases completely tamed by this summary mode of procedure.

### SCHOOL TOWNS.

THERE are noble institutions scattered through the length and breadth of our land, legacies from the munificence of noteworthy men of old, which exercise a peculiar influence over present time and human life, over future men and manners.

Endowed grammar schools give a strong colouring to the local life of school towns, above and beyond their immediate object, and exhibit an aspect of society both striking and amusing; with somewhat of instruction and of warning. Let us sketch "our school town" from the life: its main features will doubtless serve for many more.

Our grammar school is splendidly endowed, not from the original amount of the gift, but from its increased value in the present day. The school buildings are good, the school grounds unrivalled, the school chapel commodious and elegant, the school exhibitions and scholarships—for which qualified foundationers have the preference—numerous and of great value. It is placed in a lovely and healthy country, one of the gardens of England, and naturally draws within the pale of its benefits—a circle of some thirty miles—a large and essentially changing population. There begin the distinctive traits of our school town. The fact of the fixed school, with its fixed old purpose of scholarly learning, has stamped as fixed, to a great extent, even the brick and mortar features of the town as originally existing, with the addition only of multitudes of small dwellings. Imposing shop fronts and plate glass windows abound not here as elsewhere. Quaint old edifices peer out here and there, quaint old customs continue: even the very curfew has but lately died out; while the increased and increasing value of the school endowments, promising shortly a large pecuniary growth of already large funds and benefits, have caused every small capitalist to invest his savings in the erection of small dwellings, whose endless variety is a study in itself. Boys characterize the place; some large families, of course, have a sprinkling of daughters; but boys—boys—boys—in every variety of home, natural or artificial, are the burden of the song. It is sad to see the number of families wanting either head, the number of anxious care-worn faces among parents, the number

of unoccupied broken-down men, the number, too, of widows; of those who have settled from a distance there are many who could in no other way give their boys the education of the scholar and the gentleman.

Unbeneficed clergymen abound in our school town, but are somewhat apt to fall into cliques; and above all, strong-minded women are plentiful as blackberries, believing everything essentially wrongly conducted where they have not a finger in the pie; bothering all the masters, and reducing the unhappy boys within their domestic reach, to most unqualified order and obedience, when they are present. Then there are the well-to-do families of the various married masters, especially the superior ones, turning out in unexceptionable costume after the school day is finished; the awful head-master, irresponsible to parents, deemed unapproachable by boy, with his keen searching eye ever on the watch for traits of character and conduct in all around, taking his daily constitutional, whether on foot or on horseback, and the unmarried masters by twos and threes rushing off into space to find their recreation as soon as school hours are over. Among them is sure to be one foreigner, oftentimes of small presence and of placid exterior, yet withal of spicy disposition, usually designated by the boys as old so and so, though probably short of thirty. Generally we have, too, one handsome master, who is shrewdly suspected to be quite aware of the fact; more than one earnest master, whose heart and soul are in his work in school and out; the severe master is seldom wanting, partial to pains and penalties, nor one that specially patronizes the playground, joining from real liking in all the boys' athletic sports. Nor may we omit the nervous master, high in university degree but wanting in *physique*, who is safe, from his learning, to have the next class to the head, and therefore equally certain to have the most turbulent and ill-regulated age of boyhood to deal with and control. Books and book work are at his fingers' ends, it is true, and he faithfully strives to instil them duly into the boy life under his charge; but the vain endeavour, with a lacking and hesitating physical energy, to cope with the impetuous stream of high animal life and bursting development of all kinds ever present in "hobbedy-hoys, neither men nor boys," make his life miserable. He avoids the playground as the very incarnation of unequibleness, and when his sense of propriety brings him to its occasional special festivals and gatherings, looks on in hopeless bewilderment at the excitement of football, or the mysteries of cricket.

Then there is the head master's head man, of staid and dignified mien, whose fiat as to his superior's visibility at any particular period is law. Next we have the authorized school "grub" shop, an appendage necessarily well conducted, but scarcely exercising a wholesome influence, physically or morally, on the rising generation. Besides this, in the main street of our school town are endless other confectioners, displaying such windows full of attractive delicacies, as says little for the self-denial practised or preached on this score. Early dinners are the custom of the place, and there is little even of the modest dissipa-

tion involved in social tea parties; for too many families know not how to give away a meal. The local institutions are rarely flourishing, for residence is seldom known to continue for ten years, and the bulk of the residents have only a passing and temporary interest—that of education—in their temporary location, and concern themselves with little else.

There is almost always a chronic paper war in a school town; some school grievance, at first possibly meriting temperate discussion, is fanned into a focus of bitterness, exercising a most injurious influence upon boys, especially the unfortunate boys who may happen to be its theme, as well as upon the general public, and little beneficial to any of the parties concerned. The adjudication, also, of the various school prizes and gifts, is almost certain to be in some way made a subject of party contest and animadversion.

It is not, therefore, surprising that a spirit of party and of clique censoriousness and backbiting are far too prevalent in our school town. The absence in many families, from various causes, of daily professional work for their male heads increase the evils which too generally accompany idleness. Except in those homes where Christian principle rules, I fear not much can be said in praise of the social or moral atmosphere of "our school town."

#### FOOD THRIFT—SOUP.

It is worth while to have been hungry now and then, if it be only to arouse one's compassion for the hungering poor—not that genial sort of hunger which comes of a dinner a little while deferred, when the stomach is sharp-set, and when there is a certainty of nice things to gladden one's vision and satisfy one's appetite by and by; but the gnawing, craving, hopeless, and disconsolate hunger of the really destitute. Yet, on calmly reviewing the matter of hunger and food destitution, it must be owned that a good deal of it is the sufferer's own fault. Many a good meal might be had for nothing almost, any day, in London, if ignorance, and prejudice—worse than ignorance—did not stand in the way. This is no mere crotchet of mine: I mean to prove the truth of what I write; and proved the case shall be, before this short article comes to an end.

Every nation has its eating and drinking peculiarities, its peculiar style of cookery. Sentiment lies at the foundation of much of this difference; but peculiarities of fire supply and fuel economy are answerable for much more, as will be made apparent by and by. The Spaniard will not eat an oyster; the Russian will not eat a dove; mutton is preferred to beef in all Mohammedan countries; and people of the Tartar race manifest a decided partiality for horseflesh. The repugnance of Mohammedans and Jews to swine's flesh comes of religious injunction; and the same may be said in explanation of the dislike which the Japanese manifest to animal food in general. I do not aim at breaking down those firmly-rooted sentiments; neither does it enter my brain to feed the poor by

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making them swallow anything loathsome or unclean. My theme is soup—good soup; and there is nothing very repulsive in the idea of that, I believe. How many a good meal would be secured, how much of gnawing hunger would be abated, if our starving London poor would only condescend to study a little closer than they do the virtues of good beef soup. Few persons set such little store on soup as we English. I do not allude to the rich, on whose tables soup figures as a matter of course. But soup is decidedly a foreign institution. It has never taken kindly amongst us—has never been acclimatized;\* it is still an exotic, and a tender exotic too: it is merely a fill-up—a prelude—a make-shift; we have nothing amongst us that does the genial duty, and provides the generous nutriment, of the Frenchman's *pot au feu*. We vaunt the excellence of our roast and boiled meats, and excellent they are, no doubt; but, as Soyer justly observed, our simple style of cookery necessitates the employment of prime cuts: it is altogether incompetent to deal with inferior pieces of still good meat. Our national style of roast and boiled can conquer no toughness; our furious agency of fire lends no aid to digestion: it is the cookery of the rich, and a somewhat extravagant cookery too. My remarks are solely directed to the nutriment of the poor.

Did you ever chance to drop in upon a French or German or Belgian peasant, and watch the goodly soup-pot as it stands simmering on the tiny fireplace? If not, it is amply worth while. No furious boiling is there; indeed, furious boiling is not the thing desired, being unadapted to the elaboration of good soup. The French, German, or Belgian peasant is not at all particular as to what he throws into the soup-pot. To him it matters little whether the meat be prime cut or inferior cut; indeed, almost throughout the continent, meat from every part of an animal is nearly of the same price. Slow simmering (that condition of gentle heat to which the appropriate term digestion is given by the chemist) does its work surely. In goes the flesh, and after a time out comes the soup. But a French, Belgian, or German peasant woman would consider herself a very indifferent cook, if she were unable to turn out very satisfactory soup without using any meat at all. Drippings procured from some richer family, thickened with oatmeal or barley, and flavoured with herbs, will supply the foundation of soup, so good, that one almost pardons the absence of meat.

The food destitution of London is often great, no doubt, especially in winter time. Then it is that arches and doorsteps send forth those wan and pallid forms, which nestle all summer long under the first, and find in the second a pillow for their heads. Then it is that refuges for the destitute, strawyards, and free night lodging-houses, throw open wide their doors and solace the hungry panderer with coffee and a crust. I wish some philanthropist, profiting by the occasion, would at

once calm the pangs of hunger and help to break down a stupid national prejudice—the prejudice, I mean, against soup. “Want of funds” is the response I shall expect to hear; “we can afford coffee and a crust, but we cannot afford soup.” Softly: soup is cheaper in the end. Large quantities can be made almost for nothing, as you shall soon perceive. Boiled beef shops are an institution here. Go through London whither one will, he ever and anon meets with shops for the sale of boiled ham and beef. Tell it not to the French, I say; tell it not to Germans, to Belgians, to the Turks; for aught I know, they would laugh at us one and all, and call us fools outright; tell it not, though it be a fact, that ham and beef boilers habitually throw away the liquor of their boiled ham and beef!

“Why don't you give it to the poor?” I asked one day.

“Would you have me take it to their houses, and drench them with it?” was the glib reply. “The poor might have it, if they would only fetch it; but fetch it they will not; so I am obliged to throw it away.”

Now, this is worse than stupidity: it is a sin. The liquor is magnificent, often forming a jelly on cooling. What waste to throw it away!

The late Lord Macaulay, though no chemist, truly comprehended the reason why the English are a quick-roasting and furious-boiling people; why, in other words, our national cookery has taken its present stamp, and whence comes the national disdain of the English poor for soup. Passing one day, in company with one who related the circumstance to me, through the Crystal Palace Exhibition of 1851, he said, when looking at the Belgian cookery stoves there exhibited, “It is a frequent subject of wonder whence national peculiarities of cookery are derived, and what determines them. For my part, I entertain no doubt on the matter. The nature of fuel economy determines it all. We English have always been a people blessed with abundance of fuel, and inhabiting a region where the climate is rather moist than cool; where fires, therefore, are rather wanted to dry the air and ventilate our apartments, than to evolve any high amount of heat. We have always shown a partiality for open fire-places and huge fires. For all purposes of roasting, broiling, and quick-boiling, such fires are admirable, and hence our national cookery. Were one to look into the fuel economy of other nations, he would discover the national cookery to be in great measure ruled by similar causes.”

Lord Macaulay was right. Doubtless, his explanation accounts for the partiality Englishmen have for plain roast and boiled. Be it so. Roast and boiled beef are excellent: I quarrel not with that taste; but because roast and boiled beef are excellent, does it follow that soup must be execrable? Believe me, no; soup is a very good thing, and the pot liquor of boiled beef will make very good soup. Try it, all you who doubt my words, and, having tried it, say whether it be not worse than a prejudice, whether, indeed, it be not a shame, to throw such good food away.

\* Except in Scotland, where the “kail-pot” produces hotch-potch and other admirable broths and soups.

## VARIETIES.

**LORD CHIEF BARON SMYTHE.**—In the year 1772, says an author of that day, I spent the summer in London, and being upon a visit to a family at Ware, in Hertfordshire, we one day went to Hertford, it being the summer assizes. Lord Chief Baron Smythe presided on the bench, whom I had heard much of, as being a godly and spiritual man, as well as an upright and judicious judge. The first day he sat at nisi prius, and I thought him very sensible and knowing, or, what the lawyers call, learned in his profession; but the next morning he had to try three criminals: I forgot the offences, but they were all capital, and the prisoners were tried separately, and found guilty. The venerable judge, in passing the sentence of the law upon them, was very solemn. He stated to them separately, the aggravation of the particular crime of each, and the necessity that the laws of the country, and the security of the people, should be maintained by the punishment of the offenders, "which punishment," he added, "I am now to denounce upon you. This it is painful for me to do, but it is a duty imposed upon me by my office to pronounce—That you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came," etc. His subsequent address affected the audience, however it might the criminals;—"Prisoners! so we see that the law worketh wrath against transgressors, and the Divine law on us and all mankind as sinners, who have come short of the glory of God. But God, who is rich in mercy, hath provided a glorious salvation, in which you and I may find abundant relief. He sent his own Son to seek and save the lost, and to give himself a sacrifice for sin, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth from all sin. I am a sinner like you; but, pleading that blood, I found mercy; and therefore recommend that blood to you. Go ye, and do likewise."

**BRITISH COAST.**—The shores of the British Islands display a circuit of more than 6500 miles—a development of coast-line which, compared to extent of surface, is truly astonishing, and which serves in no unimportant measure to illustrate the maritime greatness of the British nation.

**HATCHING YOUNG OSTRICHES.**—Since the French occupation of Algeria, ostriches have been conveyed thence to France in great numbers; but, until the instance now to be related, a brood has never been produced in France. It is very difficult, under the necessary restraint of a zoological garden, to supply the necessary conditions for bringing about this result. The attempt had been frequently made to do so in the Zoological Gardens of Marseilles, but as frequently failed. Even last year, notwithstanding the care devoted to the ostriches in that establishment, and though eggs were laid in plenty, no young ostriches could be hatched. The director, M. Suquet, however, was not to be foiled. In the territory of Montredon he selected a sandy plain, situated between the sea and the mountains which form the south-east of the Gulf of Marseilles. The spot belongs to M. Pastre, who kindly gave the necessary co-operation. There a large secluded valley was fixed upon, sufficiently wooded to afford shelter, without intercepting the sunshine necessary for quickening the eggs. After having inclosed a space 600 metres long by 500 wide, the birds were conveyed to their hatching ground on March 2nd of this year. For a few days the birds seemed to regard their new quarters with suspicion, and ran anxiously about. Soon, however, they settled themselves and began laying. Their nest was at first a simple excavation in the sand, in the form of a truncated cone. Gradually the borders of this hole were heightened by accumulations of more sand. At this labour the male and female bird worked alternately. A few hours after the completion of the nest, laying began, and was continued every

alternate day, until by the 20th of April fifteen eggs had been deposited. Up to this time the hen guarded the nest a few hours before and after incubation, sometimes for a whole day. After April 20th, however, the male bird commenced taking his spell of watching, the lady only seeing to the household during periods when her lord and master was temporarily absent from home. All seemed to go on satisfactorily. According to observations made by M. Hardy, at Algiers, the time of incubation should be from 56 to 60 days. Knowing this, M. Suquet was surprised when, on June 3rd, intelligence came that the first young ostrich had opened its eyes to sunshine on French soil. By the evening eleven had been hatched. On the day following, the young birds left the nest and began to wander over their inclosure, guided alternately by papa and mamma, who spared no trouble in this their first walking lesson. During these excursions one bird always lingered a little behind. It was weak, and soon died, thus reducing the number of the young family to ten. They went on growing rapidly, so that by the 8th of August they were as big as young turkeys.

**LAW REFORM.**—Two centuries and a half have elapsed since the amendment of the law engaged the attention of Lord Bacon; and in succeeding times Hale and Prynne, Bentham and Mackintosh, Romilly and Brougham, have kept on foot a standing protest against the complexity, the incoherence, the still graver defects of a system of laws which ought to be a model of jurisprudence for the civilized world. Lord Bacon's elevated and comprehensive mind sketched the outline of a great reform: the statute law to be expurgated, classified, and consolidated; the common law to be digested and methodized; a standing commission to be set up in aid of current legislation. In later times commissions for the occasion have been impulsively appointed, and have been used rather (as I may say) to stop some troublesome leak than for sufficient repair. This palliative policy has but postponed the demand for an adequate remedy.—*Mr. Napier, of Dublin.*

**RAILWAY TRAVELLING.**—The number of travellers by railway in the United Kingdom last year was 163,435,678, besides 47,894 holders of season and periodical tickets, who must have made very many journeys; in the whole there must have been much nearer six than five journeys in the year for every soul in the kingdom. The trains, passenger and goods trains together, travelled 102,243,692 miles, which is further than going 4000 times round the world; 267,134 horses and 357,474 dogs made railway journeys, little to their liking. The goods traffic comprised 12,083,503 cattle, sheep, and pigs, and 89,857,719 tons of minerals and general merchandise. In these vast piles of property conveyed from place to place the minerals double the general merchandise in quantity, and they are carried at little more than a quarter of the cost; 60,386,788 tons of minerals produced to the railway companies only £4,951,899, while 29,470,931 tons of general merchandise brought them £9,157,987. The receipts of the railways (10,433 miles in length at the close of the year) from all sources of traffic were £27,766,622, of which £13,085,756 came from passenger traffic and the mails, and the residue from goods. The expenditure was £13,187,368, or 47 per cent., leaving rather more than £14,500,000 net receipts. The compensation paid for accidents and losses amounted to £181,170. The quantity of rolling stock was no less than 5801 locomotives, 15,076 passenger coaches, and 180,574 waggons for goods traffic, in all 201,451 engines and carriages. The numbers are enormous, and they are enormously increasing. Comparing last year with the year before, notwithstanding the bad weather, the passengers increased by 18,300,000, the minerals by 8,600,000 tons, the receipts by above £2,000,000, the miles travelled by trains nearly 9,000,000. 3,896,960 trains ran in the course of the year 1860—upwards of 10,000 a day.